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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1880.

NUMBER 3.

Along the Line.

What says? "A song or a story?" Draw up a box 't a chair. I'll tell them that is wantin' to listen; but I'm a tellin' you fair! See this? It'll go for the feller what takes a notion to laugh, And him or me will be to our folks a man or a forethought?

You didn't know Jim—of course not—I'm tellin' you now of him; A fearful chap on his muscle, a wild old boy, was Jim, But, boys—now don't you forget it—he was as good and square. As any man that the country held—and plenty of men was there.

Jim was a lightnin'-jerker—of course you know 't I mean: He sat at his little table and rattled the Morse machine— And didn't it rattle? I bet you! He'd studied it down so fine, There wasn't a one that could "send" with him, not all along the line.

One time Jim sat in the office, a-smokin' and gazin' out, When in came a skeered-lookin' feller— And "nuff to be skeered about! He told his news in a minnit, and—man as he was—got ery; And "Yaller Fever is broken out!" went clickin' along the line.

I think that the line was connected with every soul in the land, From what was sent 't us Howards—I'm one, d'y'e understand? Of all the parts 't the Union, no tellin' which helped us most: And we was a-workin', we was, sir! And Jim, he kept to his post.

All day long he was settin', pushin' away at the key, Or taken off from the sounder, just as the case might be; And most of the night a nursin'. And what was he doin' but he? We knowin' his only sister 'n him was seventy miles apart,

The air got full o' the fever; grass grewed up in the street; Travel the town all over, and never a man you'd meet. "Cept, maybe, some feller a-runnin' who'd say, as he passed you by, "I'm tryin' to find the doctor," or "Billy is bound to die."

When folks went under—they might be the very best in the land— We throwed 'em into an old pine-box, and drayed 'em out, off-hand. To wait their turn to be planted—without a word or a prayer— There wa'n't no chance and there wa'n't no time for prayin' and preachin' there.

Well, Jim, he minded his duty, and staid to the work—Oh, yes— But boys, one Saturday night, when he was busy sendin' the press, With—Jim? Oh, certainly, news like that was bound for to make him weak; But Jim sat straight at the table—he wa'n't the man to shirk!

"Your sister's took the fever and died!" come flashin' along the line. Throw up the window and let in air! How can I breathe or speak? With—Jim? Oh, certainly, news like that was bound for to make him weak; But Jim sat straight at the table—he wa'n't the man to shirk!

And calmer and cooler than I am now, he finished the company's work. But then he dropped—and in four days more all that was left of him Was the wasted body that once had held the noblest soul—poor Jim! Oh! boys that brother and sister was brother and sister o' mine— I wonder if ever we'll meet again, somewhere along the line? —Irwin Russell, in Scribner's

A COLORADO EXPERIENCE.

One tempest-tossed night, weather-bound at a small hotel on the stage-route from Santa Fe, we met a fellow-traveler in whom we became greatly interested. The howling gale and elementary uproar intensified the cosy cheer of our snug little parlor. The genial warmth from the heaped-up ruddy coals in the grate and spicy exhalations steaming from an earthy mug brewing in front, out of which, from time to time, we replenished our glasses, stimulated conversation, and we were soon launched upon a stream of startling adventure.

Among others, my companion, a finely-built, athletic fellow, narrated an experience of the previous season, which, he said, "made very hair stand on tiptoe."

"How?" we asked. "You were in great peril?"

"One of those imminent risks that meet you at every turn. Four of us came in the stage from Santa Fe, the last of June, I think. A young lady—governess in an officer's family—her escort, a wealthy merchant, reputable, with a guarantee of honor inscribed on every line of his earnest face, and myself, were acquainted; the other was the horse-shoer of the company, bound for the stables at Denver.

"The lady—among the twenties—was so happy in the thought of going East and seeing her widowed mother—was so interested and full of life that her joy rippled through our conversation like a merry warble.

"You like a personal description?"

"Well, rather tall and willowy, eyes as black and full of sparkle as a frosty night, and hair commonly called red, but with a glint of gold across it. I saw it fully when she dropped her hat, and a stylish, neat affair that was too—but I have not come to that yet.

"You are aware of the brigandage for which that route is noted. Marvel-

ous tales are told of the robbers. I suspect the mountain-passes of the Appenines hold no more mystery of crime than do the rocky passes of this fresh continent. Constantly facing danger, the pioneer acquires a hardihood that fits him for every fresh encounter of peril, however unusual. The periodic robbing of stages has become so much of a fact that the express company will take no more risks, and specie and treasure will have to be taken East by private parties.

"As a Government Expert, I was well known to the bankers of Santa Fe. They never hesitated to intrust me with large amounts of gold, and this time was no exception. So I was loaded, partly by means of an inner belt around my waist, partly by a false bottom, improvised in my valise by grumming strong wrapping-paper over the precious parcels and inner lining of the bag.

"The day would have been intolerable but for the cool currents that swept down the declivities and through the mountain ravines. Frequently during the day, up the steep ascents, we would go out and walk. It rested us and relieved the tedium of the drive. The lady was most charming, rattling her words like fine shots against our sallies of wit, and turning into sport and jest our serious fears. She became confidential, and told us 'she expected to return a madame, with a military escort—if she returned at all. Her fiancé was a Lieutenant, stationed now in Indian Territory, but when he received his furlough—well, very soon, perhaps—then we might expect to hear of wedding bells."

"I would like to be a little richer, said she, with a sigh, 'but we must take what the good God gives us, and my treasure happens to be not in gold!'"

"How much of a dot have you?" said the practical merchant.

"She laughed merrily. 'Are you a bandit in disguise?' then saying, 'The fruits of my industry amount to the weight of \$1,000 in gold!'"

"You haven't it with you he inquired so quickly and earnestly that I was surprised.

"Come, you are accounted shrewd; just try and find out! I will answer all relevant questioning.

He blushed and stammered an apology, and sat for a moment on a projecting rock on the side of the road over the mountain edge. She had gathered stray flowers on her walk, diving under bushes, and behind rocks, and was fastening them on her hat and mantle. A scarlet creeper ran around the base of the rock down the side of the mountain.

"Oh, that suits me; I must have it," she said, rising to her feet, and dropping hat and flowers in the excitement. Just then a sudden eddy of wind came twisting round the corner of a fissure, and whirled hat and flowers round and round, lodging them beyond her power of recovery, on a narrow ledge of perpendicular rock, jutting out and inaccessible from the road.

"How now? what will you do? I said, half in sport at the possibility of a bareheaded companion for the rest of the trip.

"To my surprise, she looked the image of despair and grief; the color had faded out of her rosy cheeks, even her lips were ashy and pale. Her hands were clasped in the most agonizing expression as she mutely gazed at the slender shape below, mocking her with its airy grace of blooms.

"Oh, my friends! can't you recover that hat for me? Do, in pity, and I will thank you to my dying day!"

"No mother, appealing for a lost child, could have been more piteous, while tears stood in her eyes. I was half angry that any woman could be so metamorphosed by the loss of a hat. The merchant whistled, looked bewildered, but evidently didn't choose to risk his life. The driver and horse-shoer came to her rescue; they fastened a hook on to the end of a coil of rope, saying:

"Don't fear, miss, nor look so anxious; we'll rig something an' get yer hat!"

"The driver, stretched at full length, with only his head and an arm over the precipice, and anchored firmly by the rest of the party, threw his rope, harpoon fashion, with an unerring aim. It caught in the rim, the hat was drawn up carefully and restored to the young girl, who, with exhilarating color and sparkling eyes, thanked the men most profusely. They cut short her rhapsodies by mounting the driver's box and telling us to 'pile in.'

"Once inside, she said: "As you are all my friends, I must let you into the secret of my hat. All the money I possess is hidden in the lining—quilted in—and no man, not even the highwaymen, would ever suspect the treasure hidden in such a cell, now would they?"

"We of course praised her ingenuity.

"A good thousand, is it?" said the merchant.

"The very sum," she replied.

"It was about two o'clock in the morning. We were well out of the

most formidable passes driving briskly towards the Canadian fork. The full moon lighted our way, making the bushes and trees adjacent cast sharp, decided shadows across the road. I had exchanged places with the horse-shoer. Inside they were dozing, but I was wakeful and alert. We beguiled the weary hour by story-telling. Suddenly I saw something moving in the shadow of the road on beyond us.

"What is that?" I said.

"The driver looked, his eyes rounding like the moon.

"Nothing but a burr!" referring to the pack-mules that frequently strayed down the mountain side. It disappeared quickly in the shade, and from thence, instantly, as if by magic, jumped out into the road two men. They were hidden in huge slouched sombreros and army cloaks. The stoutest caught the bridle of the leaders; the other, covering us with his rifle, shouted:

"Don't stir, or you are dead men!"

"Advancing closer, and keeping us within range of his muzzle, he cried out:

"Pitch out that treasure box, quick! We are in a hurry!"

"The driver began to stammer a reply, shaking as if he had an ague stroke, but I hushed him with a whisper:

"Stop! stop! let me talk to these men? There is no treasure aboard to-night!" I said this coolly, at the same time swaying my body and fro, backward and forward, to get out of the range of the muzzle; the man was evidently very nervous, as well very near.

"As I intended he should, he took me for an express messenger, and, as neither driver nor messenger are supposed to possess any valuables, they are seldom molested.

"None of your nonsense!" replied the bandit. "Hand out the treasure or you'll see trouble."

"The man at the reins evidently enjoyed my endeavor to get out of range, for he squeaked in a high, falsetto voice: "Do them bar's look big!"

"Yes," I said, echoing the old joke current among the miners: "Yes, I can read all the advertisements on the wadding!"

"He chuckled a rough chuckle.

"Come, come, leave out that specie-box," shouted the man holding the rifle.

"I insisted there was none.

"Here, look at me way-bill; if there is any such thing aboard it will be among the items, and I made a move to get down, holding it in my hand.

"Stay where you are, or I'll shoot you on the spot!"

"I threw him the way-bill. He dropped his rifle and picked it up, perusing the items in the moonlight. Profiting by this action, I undertook to slip my portmanteau into my pocket. The driver misunderstanding the movement, whispered:

"Have you got one?" The man at the reins noticed the conferring, and hallooed at us. The other instantly called:

"None of that!"

"We threw up our hands, and he again turned to the way-bill. I did manage to secrete my money, slipping it into my boot.

"You see there is no mention made of the treasure, and if it was sent it would be noted on the bill. However, you can get up and look in the box and satisfy yourself."

"He hesitated but a moment, and then jumped up and looked in the box; in doing so he kicked my valise.

"Open this!" said he. I did so, taking out carefully its contents and letting them look inside, the wrapping paper deceived him.

"No," he cried, "there's no treasure on this stage, but we've sworn to have a hundred dollars to-night, and if we can't find it in the treasure box, we may find it in the baggage. Who's inside?"

"Two men and a lady. None of them rich; one is the horse-shoer going to Denver to shoe the company's horses."

"We'll look out for 'em. Whatever happens, don't stir on your peril. We may find the money on them, or in the baggage."

"I felt terrible for the young girl. The perspiration stood in great beads of agony all over my body.

"It was evident they were sleeping. The men rattled the door and roused them. Presenting his gun, he ordered them all out to be searched. They obeyed, half asleep. He placed them in a row.

"Hands up!" he said. "Now for your pockets!" The horse-shoer had but two dollars in silver, the merchant's portmanteau showed but a five, and the young lady, nothing but some stamps and a little change. The girl, I am sure, looked as if she would swoon.

"You're a mean crowd to have so little with you," said he, "and I've a mind to send you to Heaven this very night. A hundred dollars we must have so we'll for your baggage."

This was uttered with infinite disgust.

"The merchant then spoke. 'You'll find nothing of account in our baggage, but if you will ask this young lady for her hat, and carefully rip out the lining, you will find something worthy your pains.'

The girl turned toward him with blazing eyes and uttered but one word: "Traitor!"

"There was no escape; the hat was secured. After the lining was carefully ripped out, it was returned with thanks.

"In luck, in luck!" said the highwaymen. "Jump in, all. I'm sorry for your loss, Miss, but we are bound to take whatever is sent us. We have no treasure, but this will do. Drive on!"

"I want the way bill!" I said excitedly, for the scene we had just witnessed had increased my indignation to a fever heat.

"He handed it to me, but it fluttered under the horses' feet, and again I demanded it. Mechanically he picked it up, mounted the wheel and handed it to me. Then, touching his hat to the lady, said:

"But for this lining you might have been lying in yonder ditch. No treasure on board! Come this way next time without it, and we'll finish your account. Drive on!"

"We gladly followed this advice, but could not find language vigorous enough to express our contempt for the meanness of the merchant. The driver swore at him in Spanish, and the young lady answered all attempts at consolation with hysterical sobs. The merchant alone preserved his equanimity of temper.

"Arriving at Denver, he begged very earnestly of the young lady, with me as her friend, to grant him a few moments for explanation in a private parlor. He was so earnest that the young girl yielded a reluctant consent.

"He closed the door and bolted it, which looked strangely.

"Don't fear," he said, as I fumbled for my revolver. Sitting in a chair, he pulled off his boot, and from the toe pulled out a small roll of green backs. Said he, 'A few days before leaving, I was lucky enough to find an opportunity to exchange my doubloons for these. My poor child let me make restitution. Here are two thousand in bills for the one thousand secured by the robbers—handing her that amount—your lining was a God-send to me; if they had searched me further they would have secured twenty instead of one thousand. Concealed in my baggage are diamond and precious stones, which if they had secured, would have beggared me. Taking a solitaire from his vest lining, he presented that also for her acceptance. 'I should have explained in the stage, but 'walls have ears,' and why should I trust others with my secrets?"

"Of course, as it turned out, I was highly pleased at the sagacity of the gentleman; the more so as I recollected the responsibility of the specie I, too, had assumed.

"I need not tell you that the lady's tears were transmitted into rare smiles, and she was sent to her home rejoicing."

THOSE AWFUL CATS.
A DRAMA IN INSTITUTION LIFE.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THOMAS AND AMORETTA, MISS STORK, MISS JILLYFLOWER, MISS ROTUNDA, PROF. PONDEROUS, SARANN—Housemaid.

ACT I.
SCENE.—MISS STORK—In the hall at the head of the stairs.

Noise—Thud! dunn, dunn! mew! dunn! rumble! me-a-w, patter, patter—[Enter MISS ROTUNDA.]

MISS ROTUNDA.—What was that noise? I thought I heard some one cry. (Looking downstairs.) Oh Miss Stork! How could you! I do believe you kicked the poor cat down stairs. (Calling) Poor Etty kitty! kitty! Come, poor kitty!

MISS STORK.—(Discomfited.) Ah! my dear Miss Rotunda, but indeed I cannot bear the sight of cats. Oh! the nasty things; really, I never knew a person of good breeding or connection to affect cats. But I am not cruel, oh, no, no! but I do hate those awful cats.

MISS ROTUNDA.—Indeed! you must have a very kind heart to do so. I wonder how you would like it if some big brute like Prof. Ponderous should serve you so. For my part I should not enjoy it much.

MISS STORK.—(Sarcastically.) But it would not hurt you much, my dear, you are so round and fat you would bounce down like an India-rubber ball.

MISS ROTUNDA.—(Spitefully.) And you would flop down like a headless turkey.

SCENE II.—MISS STORK'S ROOM.

MISS STORK.—(Soliloquizing.) Ah! Ahem! good riddance. I always said it was vulgar to be so heartish, and to be so fat. What odious comparisons. Me a flopping, headless turkey! Sure enough, familiarity breeds contempt. I would kill those awful cats, but "what would they say?"

SCENE III.—MISS JILLYFLOWER READING—PROF. PONDEROUS STUDYING—[Enter MISS ROTUNDA.]

MISS ROTUNDA.—Could you believe it, Miss Jillyflower, the high falutin, immaculate Miss Stork, kicked our kitty down stairs.

MISS JILLYFLOWER.—Good gracious! you don't say! Who would have thought the highfalutin immaculate Miss Stork—she, whose blood is so blue that indigo would make a white mark on it, and who claims close connection to Noah—she do so?

MISS ROTUNDA.—Yes, she did; you see that blue blood—particularly imitation-blue—runs cold; politeness is only skin-deep sometimes.

[Enter Miss Stork.] MISS JILLYFLOWER.—(Pointing her fingers.) Shame! Shame! hard-hearted thing—Poor Kitty!

MISS STORK.—(Raising her hands deprecatingly.) Oh don't think me cruel, Miss Jillyflower, but really I cannot help detesting cats, I feel it in my bones, and a single mew turns my nerves awry, and if you could only hear the noise they make at their nocturnal serenades on the roof or under my window, I am sure you would sympathize with me. (Interrupting Prof. Ponderous's study.) I am sure that such a well informed person as yourself will agree with me that cats are a nuisance.

PROF. PONDEROUS.—(Gruffly, at being interrupted.) Indeed I do not, Madam. We are all animals, and cats have as good right to their place in the world and may have as good souls as we, though in an elementary state. They have a language too. The interjection "me-a-w" which the cat uttered against you can be traced through the Sanskrit and Enchorial Hieroglyphics as the roots of words which are equivalent to "cold blooded, mean thing!" You may not be aware that we all originally evolved from bugs through different animals to our present state, and have their imprint on us yet. For my part I had rather evolve through a sleek shapely cat than through a crazed Stork. Hearken! Felina pro bono publico, et discomfortum malorum hominum.

MISS STORK.—Then, I dare say, you evolved from an elephant, if not something worse, as a whale, to judge from your talk. [Enter Sarann.]

SARANN.—Oh, Miss Stork, the Tommy Cat has bin playin' round are posies, an' he pulled down the one wid long green laves.

MISS STORK.—Did he? There, those awful cats again! Where are they? I would kill them. Catch them, Sarann, and give them a good cuffing.

SARANN.—Indade I can't, marm, the purr thing didn't naw any better.

MISS STORK.—Indeed! I thought hearts and brains belonged to masters, and limbs and service to servants.—(Sarcastically.) You have a great big heart, Sarann; rather soft, ahem! SARANN.—An' a little kitty in its kurner. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—MISS STORK ALONE IN HER ROOM. (Soliloquizing.)—Oh dear! those awful cats will be the death of me. That wicked man! To think that I came from a bug through a stork! No, never! I am from one of the very first families of Stuckuptown; but familiarity breeds contempt.

In offering this production to the public, the author begs charity for the crudities and errors of his virgin effort in this field.

It is written to elaborate the beautiful sentiment of the "Ancient Mariner": "He prayeth best who loveth best All things, both great and small, For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all."

NATTY BUMPO.
January, 1880.

GIVING ADVICE.

Advice is a first-rate thing when the person giving it knows what he or she is talking about. But there are volumes of advice and counsel which are utterly useless, because it is simply the result of an uncontrollable desire to say something—what makes no difference. Advice, to be worth anything needs to be matured in the mind before it is uttered. It is altogether better, however, as a rule, to attend to your business and let other people's speak alone, unless you are invited to interfere. Public men are especially the victims of the advice given. All men and women in the world think themselves called upon to give a man who happens to be in public life a sort of advice, seeming entirely to lose sight of the very important fact that any, who has mind enough to attract any considerable share of public attention, probably has enough to manage his own affairs in good shape and keep them in it and do not waste so much of life in looking after other people.

To do right, to sacrifice one's self for love—these are better things than pleasure. To love and to be loved—these are things that pay. To be conscious of nobility of character and unselfishness of life; to be conscious that our lives are brought into affectionate relations with other and harmonious life—what are these but life's highest values? What are these but the highest satisfactions of being?

What kind a man ought you to be? Such a man that, when you have passed away from earth, your son can say of you in all sincerity as Thomas Carlyle has said of his good father: "He was a man into the corners of whose house there had shined through the years of his pilgrimage, by day and by night, the light and glory of God; and at the last he was not, for God took him." Will your character and your home answer to that description?

MY DEAR SIR: I thank you for your kind letter compassionating me on account of my deafness. I prize your sympathy the more as you are yourself afflicted with the same infirmity. The loss of hearing is, indeed, a great loss; the greatest, perhaps, next to that of sight, which could befall either of our external senses. And yet it is not without its compensations. My mother was for many years afflicted with deafness; yet she used to say to those who pitied her, "I got rid of hearing a vast deal of nonsense." She doubtless did find this compensation, and so, my dear brother, do you and I. And not only so; we get rid of hearing many disagreeable noises and sounds. Nature, in its flitting course, has many unpleasant sounds. The most of these it is our privilege to escape.

Then there are moral lessons to be gathered from our infirmity, the most important of which is that of submission. God, in his wisdom, gave us the sense of hearing, and in equal wisdom he has seen fit to take it away. He knows what is most for his own glory and the greatest good, and it is for us to bow in sweet and cordial submission to his will. The loss of one sense should also lead us to set a higher value on those which remain, and to feel the greater obligation of gratitude to the Giver of all our mercies.

You inquire as to the duty of attending public worship on the Sabbath. You cannot hear much that is said (neither can I), and you inquire whether it would be better for us to stay at home and employ the in useful

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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CINCINNATI WINS.

In our last issue we printed a summary of the voting for the National Convention, taking the figures from the manuscript furnished by Mr. H. C. Rider. In the list of votes for Syracuse, the figures are at places crowded and the names are wide apart, so that there is at the end of the list three more lines of figures than of names. In his manuscript, the names are numbered as we have printed them. A figure has been skipped where blank lines occur in the printed list. The figures and names in the Cincinnati list correspond, so that Cincinnati has a majority of 1 vote. The correct table is as follows:

	No. of votes.	States represented.
Cincinnati.....	216	25
Syracuse.....	215	10
Chicago.....	13	6
Philadelphia.....	5	1
Washington.....	3	3
Hartford.....	2	1
Columbus.....	1	1
Baltimore.....	1	1
St. Louis.....	1	1
Pittsburgh.....	1	1

We would have discovered the error last week, but the letter containing the votes arrived just as we were going to press. It is probable that Mr. Rider wrote the figures first and then the names and accidentally skipped a figure here and there. The paper on which the names were written being unruled, an error of this kind would be very likely to occur. We still hold the manuscript copy sent us by Mr. Rider, and in that gentleman's handwriting, and will hold it subject to investigation by any or all interested parties.

The Audiphone.

Much has been said, and a great deal too much has been believed, concerning the benefits to be derived from the audiphone.

It is not our purpose to speak against anything that is calculated in any way to help deaf-mutes; but as the audiphone has been so much overestimated, those who have never seen it are apt to arrive at the conclusion that all who are deaf will instantly be made to hear, and many will part with their hard earned money for a fan-shaped sheet of vulcanized rubber that will be of no practical use to them.

Without doubt, in some cases, the audiphone is found useful in conveying sound to the auditory nerve, but in every instance where satisfactory results have been at once secured, such individual has been able to hear, speak, and distinguish loud sounds without its aid.

To those who have lost their hearing from such diseases as typhoid fever, scarlet fever, cerebro-spinal meningitis, etc., it is almost certain the audiphone will be found to be of no benefit whatever, as, in almost every case, the auditory nerve is destroyed. The audiphone does not make those who are totally deaf from such causes—i.e., caused by the destruction of the auditory nerve—hear, but magnifies sound to those who have a partial hearing. The difference between the audiphone and the ear-trumpet is that the ear-trumpet conveys sound to the auditory nerve through the channel of the external ear, but where this channel is closed the audiphone will convey the sound to the auditory nerve through the bones of the jaw and lower part of the skull. It is well known that many congenital deaf-mutes can hear and distinguish sounds, and in fact some have been taught to speak and read the lips by utilizing this partial hearing; but, in most cases, the residual faculty is

diminished, so that, although they hear what is said to them and understand the varied sounds of words in short simple sentences, they cannot recognize the same words when given in a different connection, except by watching the lips of the speaker.

We know a congenital deaf-mute, who is well educated and whose memory is very retentive, that has been able to distinguish sounds from birth. This individual has been trying for sixteen years to learn how to speak and understand conversation through the ear, yet after all these years of study, his vocabulary embraces hardly more than fifty words. This is all the more peculiar when we consider that he can remember anything that is said by signs or by the manual alphabet. He is now using the audiphone, and says that it magnifies the sound perhaps half as much again but not more. It would seem from this that where the audiphone will be of use in conveying sounds, the ear to which they are conveyed will be incapable of remembering them, or attaching any meaning thereto. It is claimed, however, that by a special and systematic course of instruction with the audiphone, the auditory nerve can be restored to a normal condition.

In conclusion we would advise all our deaf-mute friends to test the audiphone before they buy it, and such as have used or will in the future use it, we would ask them after giving it a fair trial to let us know the result, so that, if the desired effect is obtained we may publish the fact, and thereby forward the cause for which we will ever strive, that of alleviating the condition of the deaf and dumb.

THE ELECTROPHONE.

Soon after the Audiphone made its appearance we had the Dentophone, and we have just learned of the invention of a new instrument to help the deaf to hear, called "the Electrophone." Whether the Dentophone was suggested by the Audiphone or not, we do not know, but the Electrophone is the result of a long course of individual research and experiment extending over more than a year.

During the excitement caused by the discovery of the Telephone, Phonograph, etc., the attention of Prof. F. D. Clarke, of the New York Institution, was strongly drawn in that direction. More than a year ago he began to experiment. Taking fast hold of the idea, that electricity—such subtle agent that could convey sound through miles of wire—might be made to carry it across the obstacles that produce deafness, he stuck steadily to it. A skillful electrician himself, having free access to all the apparatus of the Institution, he associated with him Mr. M. G. Foster, of Washington Heights, and we more than suspect that the two young men had the benefit of advice and suggestions from one of our citizens to whom, more than any other, we owe the success of our Elevated Railroads.

The result was a number of machines or instruments, all of which were utter failures. So quietly were these experiments conducted, that very few were aware of them, and only the inventors really know the object aimed at. Just before the Old Year expired, they hit upon a combination that they have good reason to believe will be successful. Their joint invention they have called "The Electrophone." Patent lawyers of high standing tell them that they have two broad claims that are new and will amply protect their invention.

The Electrophone has been tried on perhaps a dozen persons, who pronounce it a great improvement upon any other instrument they have tried. The inventors have not made any extended trials as their time has been too much taken up improving their instrument, but before giving the Electrophone to the public it will be thoroughly tested. The improvements now being made do not relate to the principles on which it works, but to the form. For instance, as first made, the Electrophone prevented the person using it from seeing the person speaking. This objection was seen the first time the instrument was used, and has since been remedied.

Owing to the fact that the patent has not yet been issued, we are unwilling to give a description of the Electrophone, but hope to do so soon. We will simply say that there are no batteries or chemicals about it, and nothing to break or get out of order.

We have received the Thirty-First Annual Report of the South Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind. The report of the Superintendent, Mr. N. F. Walker, leads off with a denial that the school is a

charitable institution, and observes that a little reflection will convince any one that it is no more a charitable school than any public school in the State. There are forty-five pupils present. The Institution boasts the smallest *per capita* expenditure of any Institution in the country.

NOTICES.

The Right Rev. Bishop Paddock will administer Confirmation at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes street, Boston, on Sunday, the 25th inst., at 10:30 A.M. Baptism goes before Confirmation. If persons have been baptized in infancy or childhood that is sufficient. If not, they must be baptized before being confirmed. Deaf-Mutes can call on the Rev. G. I. Prescott, Rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, No. 49 Chestnut street.

The Deaf-Mutes of Boston and vicinity who desire to receive Confirmation, are invited to attend the service to be held in the Sunday-School Room of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes street, Boston, on Sunday, the 18th inst., at 7:30 P.M., and give their names and addresses to Mr. William Bailey.

A service for Deaf-Mutes will be conducted by Mr. William Bailey in the Sunday-School Room of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes street, Boston, on Sunday, the 18th inst., at 7:30 P.M.

A service for Deaf-Mutes will be conducted by Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald in St. Andrew's Church, Harlem, on Sunday, the 18th inst., at 4 P.M.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

The JOURNAL office had a visit from Mr. Washington Houston on the 2d inst.

Mr. Frank Thompson and Abey Koffman visited the New York Institution on Saturday January 10th.

The Surprise party given to Miss Emma Vedmore Reed, of Brooklyn, on the 7th inst., was a great success.

Mr. Francis Crooken, a graduate of this printing office, has obtained a situation at his trade down town.

Judging from what we hear, the JOURNAL bids fair to double its list of subscribers before this year is out.

Mr. and Mrs. James Russell, of Harlem, were lately called upon to mourn the loss of their youngest child.

The Rev. A. W. Mann expects to hold a service in Chicago, at St. James Church, on Sunday afternoon, January 18th, at three o'clock.

Miss Carrie V. Hagadorn, Teacher of Drawing at the New York Institution, spent the Christmas holidays with her sister in Baltimore.

Miss L. Gray returned to the City of Churches last week from her visit to her mother, who is now practicing medicine in Cincinnati, Ohio.

John F. Riley, of Montello, Wis., left that place on January 5th, and intends in the future to take up his residence somewhere in the East.

The Tarrytown deaf-mute cobblers were present in force at the last meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association, when they noticed Messrs. Greer and McClave.

On the 4th of January there was quite a large attendance in St. Ann's Church, among them were Mr. Newhall, of Boston, Mass., Miss Rose, of Poughkeepsie, and Mr. Dick H. Long, of Cincinnati.

Mr. Washington Houston, who is employed in the U. S. Druggist Label Establishment, of Frankford, Pa., was at the New York Institution on Friday, Jan. 2d. He left on the 7:30 train for Yonkers N. Y.

The pupils of the Central New York Institution at Rome show their appreciation of its superior advantages by returning punctually from home at the end of the holidays. Appreciative pupils make good scholars.

Recently, the German language was introduced in the Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes in New York City. Our correspondent says he does not know if it is a success or not, but time will tell.

There is a boy in the Rome Institution who knew all his classmates would put off returning to school, so his teacher could not do much. He waited three days, and then mustered in and found himself the last to come—Too wise!

Preliminaries are being arranged for holding a masquerade ball in Montefiore Hall (a part of Harlem Music Hall) sometime next month, the proceeds of which are to go to the Home for Aged or Infirm Deaf-Mutes or some other charitable object.

The result of the election of the officers of the literary society recently organized in Cincinnati are as follows:—President, Mr. John Barwick; Vice-President, Mr. Joe H. Vance; Secretary, Mr. Joseph Lunning; Treasurer, Mr. John Binz.

The boys of the Rome Institution are a wide awake set. To keep abreast of the times they have clubbed together and subscribed for the *Utica Daily Herald*, the best newspaper in that section. If the high classes of older institutions were as enterprising, their ideas would be considerably broader.

The annual election of officers of the Evangeline Boat Club of the New York Institution took place on Friday, January 6th. The following officers were elected for the term of 1889:—J. H. Dobbs, Captain; C. Q. Mann, First Mate; James W. Nash, Second Mate; C. W. Hathaway, Secretary; F. R. Stryker, Treasurer.

Mr. Sonneborn, who returned to this city last fall, after a few years' sojourn in Europe, has obtained a situation in one of the leading pocket-book establishments, and promises to be a rival of Mr. Jacques Loew. His samples of pocket-books show an evidence of fine and excellent workmanship. He was a graduate of the Inst. for deaf-mutes in Vienna, Austria, and attended the Inst. for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes in New York City for several years.

There will be a grand pantomime entertainment in the boys' sitting-room, at the New York Institution, about the middle of next month. About ten actors will take part. Mr. C. Q. Mann, a member of the High, Class has consented to manage it. The entertainment is given under the auspices of the Alaska Base Ball Club, whose officers are as follows:—C. W. Stowell, President; William Ennis, Secretary; C. W. Stowell, Treasurer, and C. Q. Mann, C. D. Edmonston and D. Mahoney, Executive Committee.

The Deaf-Mute's Journal of New York says: "To Mr. Wm. D. Cooke, formerly Principal of the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, may be properly given the credit of publishing the first Institution paper in the United States, which he called *The Casket*." *The Valley Virginian* also adds that to the same gentleman is due the credit of first introducing the art of printing as one of the mechanical branches into any Institution in the United States, and also the first steam power press in North Carolina. The printing office was the largest in the State and contained two Adams' power presses. At one time five regular papers were published at this office.—*Raleigh News*.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock last night, as Mr. James O'Neill, a respectable deaf young man, formerly of Whitehall, New York, but at present of this city, was going home on foot, at the corner of Myrtle and Waverly avenues he was suddenly struck on the head and knocked down, by some unknown man, who sprang from behind a tree. Mr. O'Neill, who is quite strong, rose to his feet instantly and was ready to defend himself, when the thief ran down Waverly Avenue, toward Park Avenue, with Mr. O'Neill's hat. Mr. O'Neill called "Police" once or twice, but no policeman came. He says he would have chased the thief had he not had a bundle in his arms. Mr. O'Neill had to walk to his boarding house hatless, but was not otherwise hurt.

The Deaf-Mute National Convention

We desire all deaf-mutes of this country who intend to attend the national re-union to send their names, addresses, and the designated places and specified days of August, 1889, at which and on which they desire to have the re-union held. The time to accomplish this purpose is extended till January 1st, 1890, when a count of the votes will take place, and the place and day preferred by a majority will be finally decided upon.

Below we insert the names of deaf-mutes who have already expressed their preferences:

CINCINNATI.

1. P. A. Emery, of Illinois, - - - August 11th.
2. J. E. Gallagher, of " - - - " 15th.
3. James Fisher, of Georgia, - - - " 15th.
4. H. S. Morris, of Ohio, - - - " 15th.
5. S. M. Freeman, of " - - - " 15th.
6. A. Rembeck, of " - - - " 15th.
7. E. C. Duncan, of " - - - " 15th.
8. J. T. Brown, of " - - - " 15th.
9. T. H. Coleman, of South Carolina, - - - 24th.
10. W. N. Sparrow, of Massachusetts, - - - 21st.
11. H. Reed, of Wisconsin, - - - 25th.
12. R. L. H. Lord, of Ohio, latter part of Aug.
13. W. E. White, of New Hampshire, - - - 25th.
14. Fred. Stickle, of Wisconsin, August 25th.
15. B. M. Zeigler, of Pennsylvania, " "
16. E. L. Van Dusen, of Michigan, " "
17. J. P. Kelly, of Minnesota, " "
18. W. Robinson, of Wisconsin, " "
19. L. A. Palmer, of Tennessee, " "
20. John Yetts, of Ohio, " "
21. W. A. Nelson, of Iowa, " "
22. T. A. Kiesel, of Delaware, " "
23. F. W. Shaw, of Ohio, " "
24. J. M. Koshler, of Pennsylvania, " "
25. J. A. Trundle, of Maryland, " "
26. B. R. Allabough, of Pennsylvania, " "
27. P. S. Morley, of " "
28. S. S. Hase, of " "
29. R. N. Stevenson, of Ohio, " "
30. F. W. Wood, of Massachusetts, " "
31. E. O. Herr, of Kentucky, " "
32. J. M. Brown, of Indiana, " "
33. I. N. Hammer, of Tennessee, " "
34. A. L. Gross, of Indiana, " "
35. A. R. Spear, of Minnesota, " "
36. M. J. Kendrick, of New York, " "
37. P. J. Hasenstab, of Indiana, " "
38. J. L. Smith, of Minnesota, " "
39. C. W. Collins, of Nebraska, " "
40. G. W. Carraway, of Mississippi, " "
41. J. T. Sanson, of Indiana, " "
42. A. H. Schory, of Ohio, " "
43. C. C. Codman, of Illinois, - - - Aug. 30th.
44. M. D. Lyon, of Kentucky, - - - 21st.
45. L. W. Cullahan, of Pennsylvania, - - - 25th.
46. W. Brookmire, of " - - - " 25th.
47. H. B. Drake, of Ohio, - - - " 25th.
48. G. C. Sawyer, of District of Columbia, 25th.
49. G. A. Jeffords, of Illinois, - - - 15th.
50. Lester Goodman, of Illinois, - - - 25th.
51. J. G. Saxon, of New York, - - - 25th.
52. Charles Kearney, of Indiana, - - - 20th.
53. N. P. Morrow, of Indiana, - - - " 20th.
54. J. Stark, of Virginia, - - - " 20th.
55. L. M. Larson, of Wisconsin, - - - 25th.
56. Charles Bronson, of Indiana, - - - 21st.
57. B. A. Richards, of Indiana, - - - " 21st.
58. Mathias Heck, of Indiana, - - - " 21st.
59. C. P. Fordick, of Kentucky, - - - " 21st.
60. J. H. Yeager, of Kentucky, - - - " 21st.
61. G. T. Schofield, of Kentucky, - - - " 21st.
62. Miss Martha Stephens, of Kentucky, - - - " 21st.
63. Wm. Hack, of Indiana, - - - " 21st.
64. G. E. Bronson, of Indiana, - - - " 21st.
65. F. W. Bigelow, of Vermont, - - - " 21st.
66. J. G. Dillman, of Indiana, - - - Aug. 25th.
67. H. H. Davis, of Massachusetts, - - - " 25th.
68. G. T. Dougherty, of Kentucky, - - - " 25th.
69. M. B. Gray, of Kentucky, - - - Aug. 25th.
70. W. J. Blount, of Indiana, - - - " 25th.
71. Robt. D. Lee, of " - - - " 25th.
72. J. K. T. Hougland, of Kentucky, - - - " 25th.
73. W. B. Branch, of Tennessee, - - - " 25th.
74. Wm. T. Campbell, of Missouri, - - - " 25th.
75. John T. Bove, of " - - - " 25th.
76. Louis Huff, of " - - - " 25th.
77. Albert Kohlmetz, of " - - - " 25th.
78. John Gill, of " - - - " 25th.
79. J. A. McAdams, of Kentucky, - - - Aug. 25th.
80. Peter Schuler, of Maryland, - - - " 25th.
81. E. Ramsey, of " - - - " 25th.
82. W. S. Schlipf, of " - - - " 25th.
83. J. A. Brandick, of " - - - " 25th.
84. Wm. Van Arsdol, of Indiana, - - - " 25th.

85. H. M. Mallick, of Pennsylvania, " "
86. Miss L. E. Shroyer, of Indiana, " "
87. A. Jutt, of " - - - " "
88. Henry Bierhans, of " - - - " "
89. Orson Arehild, of " - - - " "
90. Chas. Gregory, of Nebraska, " "
91. Mr. and Mrs. Corvin, of " - - - " "
92. A. Robertson, of " - - - " "
93. Miss Lizzie Jaque, of Kentucky, " "
94. J. J. Siegan, of New York, " "
95. E. L. Chapin, of West Virginia, " "
96. H. Childer, of " - - - " "
97. A. B. Beyer, of " - - - " "
98. A. Hoffman, of New York, " "
99. Geo. W. George, of Illinois, " "
100. Oscar Osborn, of Indiana, Aug. 25th.
101. John Schreder, of " - - - " "
102. L. R. Hildebrand, of " - - - " "
103. D. P. Ragan, of " - - - " "
104. A. H. Guard, of " - - - " "
105. J. C. F. Wheeler, of " - - - " "
106. J. C. F. Wheeler, of " - - - " "
107. Chas. F. Pence, of " - - - " "
108. John Kilday, of " - - - " "
109. Geo. C. Sevier, of " - - - " "
110. H. W. Whitmore, of " - - - " "
111. W. F. Thornbrough, of " - - - " "
112. H. C. Anderson, of " - - - " "
113. William Kellams, of " - - - " "
114. H. J. Coers, of " - - - " "
115. W. M. Marsh, of " - - - " "
116. H. L. Roby, of " - - - " "
117. E. P. Hinchey, of " - - - " "
118. O. J. League, of " - - - " "
119. John T. Madden, of " - - - " "
120. E. M. Cox, of " - - - " "
121. M. E. Cox, of " - - - " "
122. A. Berg, of " - - - " "
123. Howard P. Ranner, of " - - - " "
124. John Schreder, of " - - - " "
125. James Zehner, of " - - - " "
126. D. Bookman, of " - - - " "
127. Jas. W. Eastburn, of " - - - " "
128. Frank Adams, of " - - - " "
129. James Murray, of " - - - " "
130. Horace M. White, of " - - - " "
131. Charles Weir, of " - - - " "
132. J. T. Elwell, of Pennsylvania, " "
133. M. C. Fortescue, of " - - - " "
134. W. C. H. Lipsett, of " - - - " "
135. Miss C. Biers, of " - - - " "
136. John Q. Hahn, of " - - - " "
137. John Lewis, of " - - - " "
138. H. H. Hasbun, of " - - - " "
139. S. O. Swam, of Ohio, - - - " "
140. Mrs. H. C. Swam, of " - - - " "
141. Miss K. S. Swam, of " - - - " "
142. Henry Shoop, of " - - - " "
143. Mrs. A. A. Shoop, of " - - - " "
144. L. A. Anthony, of " - - - " "
145. Mrs. M. J. Anthony, of " - - - " "
146. Miss E. P. Huntington, of " - - - " "
147. C. Sawhill, of " - - - " "
148. J. Leib, of " - - - " "
149. H. White, of Massachusetts, " "
150. W. C. H. of Indiana, " "
151. P. S. Englehardt, of Wisconsin, " "
152. A. A. Gray, of Missouri, " "
153. Fred Cook, of Louisiana, " "
154. P. Carter, of the Dist. of Columbia, " "
155. E. Mann, of Ohio, " "
156. C. C. Hatfield, of " - - - " "
157. J. H. Smith, of " - - - " "
158. W. C. H. of " - - - " "
159. Mrs. E. Mann, of " - - - " "
160. Miss A. McCain, of " - - - " "
161. C. Zine, of " - - - " "
162. J. H. Himm, of " - - - " "
163. Bertha J. Mueller, of " - - - " "
164. Mary Schreck, of " - - - " "
165. J. McMahon, of " - - - " "
166. Styles Phillips, of Georgia, - - - " "
167. Henry Glasco, of Indiana, " "
168. Ed. Gibson, of Kentucky, " "
169. Mrs. J. W. Lake, of New York, " "
170. H. P. Thompson, of " - - - " "
171. Mrs. M. E. Thompson, of " - - - " "
172. Miss Mary F. De Long, of " - - - " "
173. P. Mettenberger, of Ohio, " - - - " "
174. Mrs. L. S. Gray, of " - - - " "
175. J. H. McMecheer, of West Va, " - - - " "
176. J. H. Vane, of Kentucky, " - - - " "
177. J. Barrick, of Ohio, " - - - " "
178. J. C. Bartley, of Kentucky, " - - - " "
179. James Glass, of " - - - " "
180. J. M. Byrnes, of " - - - " "
181. Carl Binz, of Ohio, " - - - " "
182. Mary Glass, of " - - - " "
183. Jos. Lunning, of " - - - " "
184. C. J. Daughdrill, of Alabama, July 15th.
185. L. A. Hyder, of " - - - " "
186. P. Shackelford, of " - - - " "
187. W. G. Davidson, of " - - - " "
188. W. S. Johnson, of " - - - " "
189. J. A. Hodge, of " - - - " "
190. Cecelia Boler, of " - - - " "
191. H. A. Rumlil, of New York, Aug. 25th.
192. James E. Doran, of New York, " "
193. Miss G. Smith, of Ohio, " "
194. M. McNeary, of " - - - " "
195. J. Goldworth, of " - - - " "
196. J. McFarland, of " - - - " "
197. A. Heaton, of " - - - " "
198. J. Gilmore, of Vermont, " "
199. Mrs. L. Dwyer, of " - - - " "
200. J. Meyer, of " - - - " "
201. Turner, of " - - - " "
202. E. B. Carroll, of " - - - " "
203. W. Harrington, of " - - - " "
204. Styles Phillips, of Georgia, " - - - " "
205. J. P. Phillips, of Buffalo, " - - - " "
206. J. S. Shaffner, of " - - - " "
207. Lamanthus Busk, of Kentucky, " - - - " "
208. George Farley, of New York, " - - - " "
209. F. R. Stryker, of " - - - " "
210. John P. Riley, of Wisconsin, " - - - " "

CHICAGO.

1. A. J. Andrews, of North Carolina, Aug. 25th.
2. J. Cross, of Indiana, " "
3. George L. Boddy, of New York, " "
4. C. K. W. Strong, of the D. C., " "
5. J. H. Harris, of Minnesota, " "
6. Chas. A. Fox, of " - - - " "
7. T. Buchanan, of Minnesota, " "
8. E. A. Hodgson, of New York, " "
9. J. H. Eddy, of " - - - " "
10. T. F. Fox, of New York, " "
11. Chas. E. Farley, of Pennsylvania, Aug. 9th.
12. Jos. Farrel, of Pennsylvania, " "
13. P. A. Smith, of Wisconsin, " "

SYRACUSE.

1. H. C. Rider, of New York, - - - Aug. 25th.
2. Stephen Sinclair, of " - - - " "
3. L. N. Jones, of " - - - " "
4. Mrs. G. J. Chandler, of New York, " "
5. Miss H. A. Avery, of " - - - " "
6. Stephen Field, of " - - - " "
7. Chas. E. Farley, of " - - - " "
8. H. W. Nutting, of " - - - " "
9. H. Erbe, of Connecticut, " - - - " "
10. J. C. Noe, of New York, " - - - " "
11. W. H. Haley, of " - - - " "
12. J. R. Pimm, of New York, " - - - " "
13. Miss P. M. Morgan, of New York, " - - - " "
14. Miss Sarah Gule, of " - - - " "
15. H. L. B. of " - - - " "
16. James M. Allen, of Connecticut, " - - - " "
17. W. H. Green, of Massachusetts, " - - - " "
18. John Godfrey, of New York, " - - - " "
19. Mrs. J. Godfrey, of " - - - " "
20. N. Denton, of " - - - " "
21. J. D. Whitney, of " - - - " "
22. Miss Jennie Dyer, of " - - - " "
23. Abner Johnson, of " - - - " "
24. Harry Van Allen, of " - - - " "
25. Chas. B. Riley, of " - - - " "
26. Martin Minkie, of " - - - " "
27. Geo. W. Schouten, of " - - - " "
28. Henry Semple, of " - - - " "
29. Olin Hoxie, of " - - - " "
30. Miss E. J. Randall, of " - - - " "
31. Martha Hunt, of New York, " - - - " "
32. Mary Arnold, of " - - - " "
33. Kate Semple, of " - - - " "
34. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Evans, of " - - - " "
35. H. J. J. of " - - - " "
36. J. H. Winslow, of " - - - " "
37. H. Fossenden, of " - - - " "
38. S. A. Taber, of " - - - " "
39. B. Thompson, of New Jersey, " - - - " "
40. Peter Hunsel, of " - - - " "
41. Smith Redman, of " - - - " "
42. Wm. Van Velor, of " - - - " "
43. H. F. Foss, of " - - - " "
44. Henry Caldwell, of " - - - " "

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

"COLUMBUS."

CHRISTMAS AT THE OHIO INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Christmas, the natal day of our Lord, so eagerly looked for by young and old, what joys it brings! It is the day of the year above all others in which the richest and humblest of mankind can indulge in merry making. But to the young, especially, it is one of joy and happiness in the presentation of gifts.

Among the pupils of the Institution, the day was ushered in with more than ordinary good cheer and will. They were up early, each eager to have the honor of first extending a "M. C." (merry Christmas) to whoever he or she met. More than one fourth of the pupils were kindly remembered by those at home, by the sending of boxes and packages containing various articles of clothing and other good things which would likely please the recipients, and after breakfast, those who had thus been favored spent a portion of their time examining and satisfying themselves with their contents, while the others, no doubt feeling slighted, consoled themselves with the hope that the next express load of boxes would have one for them. May their anticipations have been realized.

At one o'clock the pupils sat down to a bountiful dinner, at which they went with a relish. They had no cause to grumble at the bill of fare. It was a dinner fit for any one with an appetite. Dinner over, each pupil was presented with a small package of candy. This was a departure from the usual custom. Heretofore, a Christmas tree was provided and set up in the chapel, and after the close of the evening's entertainment, Santa Claus would come from his secluded home and as the pupils filed out of the chapel, hand each a gift.

During the day, the chapel was a busy scene of preparation for the evening's entertainment, which was under the direction of Messrs. P. P. Pratt and L. W. Flenniken, and was originally composed by the former for the occasion.

At half past six o'clock, the pupils passed to the chapel, and after being seated, the doors were thrown open to outsiders, who were admitted by ticket, some two hundred availing themselves of the invitation extended to witness the performance, and more would have come had there been room for them.

The programme presented was "The Miner," with the following cast of characters and synopsis:—

The Miner.....L. W. Flenniken.
The Miner's Wife.....Miss M. Dundan.
Their Son.....C. Woolley.
Tankee Spectator.....H. Barde.
Colored Miner.....P. J. Stevenson.
Overserviceable Irishman.....M. Mullen.
English Capitalist.....J. M. Woolley.
Ranchman.....J. Weber.
Post Trader.....J. O. Trask.
Post Trader's Wife.....Miss M. Pickered.
Their Daughter.....Miss J. Fogle.
Captain U. S. A.....T. J. Hippler.
Indian Chief.....T. J. Hippler.
Jug Man.....G. Conold.
Ute Braves, United States Soldiers, etc.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Inn Scene. Wall Street Trick—Great preparations—Arrival at the mine—The Gambler's Fate—Bow-knife Duel—Bitter Whips.
ACT II.—Mine Scene—English Capitalist takes the bait—Indian Chief protests—Knock-down and Butting—The Threat—Night Scene—Marplot on Guard—The Pumpkin—The Capture.
ACT III.—Indian Scene—Captives at the Stake—Marplot as a Ghost—Captives Released—Post Trader's Block House.
ACT IV.—Post Trader Scene—Indian Chief buys flour—is it fair?—Terrible Fright—Ladies Captured. The Marplot and Overserviceable Irishman as Runners—Overserviceable as a Decoy. The Rescue and Retreat to the Shelter. Soldiers' timely Arrival and Victory.

The performances in the several acts were spirited and well acted by the different characters, and there was no occasion for any one who was present to regret their being there. The little pupils especially, seemed to enjoy the playing, perhaps because there were "big Injuns" on the ground.

At the conclusion of the entertainment the pupils passed to their respective dormitories, no doubt fatigued with the day's merry-making, and eager to seek "Tired Nature's sweet Restorative," etc.

COLUMBUS.

December 29, 1879.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association for the year 1880 was held on January 8. A large number of nutes were present. President Diamond wielded the gavel, Secretary Hogan, the pen.

The Board of Control held a meeting, and reported that there were some members largely in arrears and recommended that some action be taken by the Association. It was decided to give the delinquents notice, and act afterwards.

One of the members asked for a loan, and offered ample security. It was agreed to.

No other business being thought of then, the recently expelled Secretary asked permission to say a few words relative to his case. His request was granted.

He then tried to disprove the charges that were tried on December 18, but as his own individual word

was the only evidence he produced it was not credited, while such overpowering testimony was produced on the other side. He was shown the inconsistency of two or three different statements, made at different times on the same point, and unblushingly admitted that all former statements were not exactly correct.

He had had plenty of time in which to have got a duplicate receipt, if he had ever had one, but he showed none at the meeting. So sure were the others that he never had had one, that one of the members offered to publish over his own name a full vindication if the accused could produce a genuine receipt from the owner of the book. The offer was accepted.

All that he said only confirmed the members in the justness of the verdict "Guilty."

The association, through the President, requested the expelled one to give up all the books and papers belonging to the Association, but for a trifling excuse, he refused. It was then moved and carried unanimously, that a Committee of three be appointed to consult a lawyer and take steps towards compelling him to give up what was not his own.

Messrs. Farley, Froehlich and Wilkinson, were chosen as such Committee.

The meeting adjourned at a late hour.

MATTEAWAN.

Christmas Holidays in Philadelphia.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Although this is not the first letter which the Pennsylvania mutes have written for your columns descriptive of the pleasures and incidents which occur day after day among them, I hope it will prove no less interesting, and that you will be pleased to accept a new correspondent for your paper.

Christmas had passed and gone, but for many weeks it was the theme of all conversation in this Institution. The long looked for day arrived at last, and those who were expecting to be at home, or with friends on that day were all excitement. The weather was somewhat damp; still the state of the atmosphere, did not affect the spirits of those whose were to travel.

Mr. Stevenson, our kind Steward, heading the line, we cheerfully took up our happy march to the depot, and taking the train arrived safely home, and were received in a most delightful and refreshing manner. Although their stay was short, it was full of enjoyment. The time was pleasantly spent in visiting, sight seeing and amusements among the silent and unsilent. Of course on Christmas eve the stockings were duly suspended around the room, and we being such good children during the year past were amply rewarded with the compliments of the season by jolly Santa Claus. The fat turkeys and mince pies also received their full share of attention, and following the latter came a rich dessert with all modern accompaniments.

The two girls who went to Columbia to spend their holidays were much pleased with their trip and with all they saw and received. Indeed the cat seemed to understand that Santa Claus was going his rounds, and showed her wish to receive something by playing with a shoe string, considering it a very wise and delicate hint.

On putting the children to bed, the tree was trimmed with glittering ornaments, cards, candies, fruit, etc. Evergreens were suspended from window to window, over the mirrors, etc. Before dawn the children were up, in their night-gowns, stealing softly over the floor, and on peeping to see what old Nick had presented them began to shout, "My Christmas box." Papers and mamma's were routed from their comfortable nap with the cheerful voice of the merry children, and immediately after the latter commenced to sing with sweet voices the Christmas Carol. The breakfast table was ornamented with presents of dolls, shirts, stockings, scarfs, aprons, shawls, dresses, jewelry, etc.

Dinner was celebrated by plenty of fat turkeys, mince pies and plum puddings. The day went quicker than it came. In the evening they had a pleasant call from a deaf-mute gentleman, he chatted about ancient things and the time he attended school himself. Later in the evening, he respectfully invited the young ladies to attend a deaf-mute party, which they readily consented to do.

The appointed day being Wednesday, 31st of December, they started early with their escort, and early in the afternoon arrived at the house of Miss Hess, of Oregon, Lancaster Co., the lady who originally planned the party.

It was quite late before those who were invited to attend made their appearance; the weather being disagreeable and unpleasant caused the delay. By 8 o'clock almost all had arrived excepting the near relatives. Among those in attendance were J. Sterline, of Columbia; J. Denlinger, of Fertilily; and his sister Lydia; M. Haruly, of Manheim; F. Bowers, of Silver-Spring; L. Gray, of Lancaster; K. L. Sarbit, of Columbia; H. L. Burge, of Danmore; D. Greyger, of Mountjoy; A. Summy, of Lancaster, the daughter of ex-senator Summy; L. Hatcher, of Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Butiker, and L. Lundis, and his sister, of Oregon.

While conversing with one and then another, we found that the speaking people of the party had been skating, and many of them had several fine tumblers, so it made them rather stiff for the amusements; some had to use empor and liniment.

At 9 o'clock all were entertained in the dining-room by Miss Hess. The

tables were set in fine style—the dishes glittering and the viands tempting. It is doubtful if a finer table was ever spread. The many pleasures and tricks that were played caused a great deal of curiosity and merriment which, for the sake of brevity, we will not fully describe. When the party broke up, all expressed themselves highly pleased and retired for the night, one of the number saying that he had made a resolution not to steal kisses from the ladies during the year 1880, but he broke it, as they always do.

On their return to school they found their teacher and class-mates had well filled their jackets during the holidays. Studies are now in order, and no dunce-caps will be needed for the year 1880.

LANCASTER.

MICHIGAN LETTER.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I am very sorry to learn from the Jackson Correspondent of the *Mirror* that Mr. John C. Ewen is not married yet (as stated in the JOURNAL). As to postage, I don't begrudge that at all; will willingly waste it again for Johnnie's benefit, if needed.

The *Deaf-Mute Mirror* of to-day contained the following splendid paragraph: "Collins C. Colby, we notice, has severed his connection with the *Morice Times*. We are told that he is about to commence the publication of a paper in some new place. The stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss, Collins!"

Gather your own moss, and don't envy, Bro. Pond.

In the last issue of the JOURNAL, Mr. John Brooks says Mr. E. Birch is the handsomest man in the U. S. as I would say George H. Pond is the politest editor in the U. S.

COLLINS C. COLBY.

Flint, Mich., Jan. 9, 1880.

SURPRISE PARTY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the evening of Wednesday, January 7, scores of deaf-mutes, with their sweethearts and wives, could be seen wending their way toward 73 Second Street, Williamsburg, and those on the ferriesboats and cars who saw the rapid motion of their fingers and gesticulating no doubt wondered what was up. For an explanation, I beg leave to refer them to the invitation appended below, of which some one hundred were issued:—

You and your company are respectfully invited to attend a

SURPRISE PARTY

tendered to
MISS EMMA VEDMORE REED,
by her deaf-mute friends,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 7, 1880,
to be held at her mother's residence,
73 SECOND STREET, WILLIAMSBURG.
Party will meet at above place at 8 o'clock sharp.

COMMITTEE:

Miss Sadie Howard, Mr. Moses Heyman,
" Florence H. Jones, " John Hogan,
" Mamie Reed, " Bernard Clark.
Ladies please furnish
Gents assessed 50 cents.

Arriving at the above number, they found the house brilliantly lighted up, and when the writer arrived the parlors were already nearly filled with happy, expectant faces. By nine o'clock the guests had nearly all assembled, and as near as I could count, there were some sixty people present, some fifteen of whom were hearing friends of Miss Reed. One of the Committee had, on some pretext, induced Miss Reed to accompany him to see a friend of hers, who, he said, was sick, and as she has one of the tenderest of sympathetic hearts, of course she could not refuse.

She arrived home at 9:15, and entered the drawing-room. To say she was surprised would not express it. Those who saw the look of consternation and amazement on her face, when she came to realize the meaning of it, can tell you better than I can.

After receiving the good wishes of those present, the ball was set in motion, and dancing, games of Copenhagen, forfeits, and a new game, the name of which has slipped my memory, but which was, nevertheless, the most amusing, and filled up the interim between then and until supper was announced.

The last consisted of a paper bag filled with mottoes and suspended from the ceiling. One of the guests was blindfolded and requested to strike it with a cane. If successful in scattering the contents, the whole company were to make a grab for them. After several futile attempts by those present, Miss Reed succeeded in bursting it completely and scattering the contents all over the floor. Then ensued a scene of the wildest confusion.

As the hands of the clock approached the midnight hour, supper was announced, and all promenade to the dining-room below, where a table fairly groaning with the good things of this world was set. To describe each and every thing upon it would be simply impossible. Suffice it to say that "Richelieu," who prides himself on being an epicure, felt his mouth water as he gazed upon it. All fell to work devouring the contents, and many a button came near flying off before it was over. Short addresses were made complimentary to Miss E. V. Reed, and the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL* was "toasted" with lemonade and coffee, the editor, Mr. E. A. Hodgson responding.

After supper, dancing and games were again continued until a late hour, when the assemblage broke up and dispersed to their homes, well pleased with Miss Reed, themselves, and everybody else.

Among the many present we noticed Misses Flora Jones, Katie Shute,

Renode, Whitehead, Liebel, Rosch, Gray, Ludwig, and Rose; Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Brown, Roberts and John Witechey; Messrs. Reynolds, Hogan, Heyman, Guggenheimer, Froehlich, Souwene, Wilkinson, Magill, Thompson, Senior and Clark.

Great credit is due to the Committee, especially Miss Jones and Miss Polly Reed; for their able management contributed in no slight degree to the success of the affair. It was conceded by all to have been one of, if not the best party ever given in deaf-mute circles.

RICHELIEU.

College Chronicle.

All well.

Excellent weather.

Second term began Tuesday, Jan. 6.

Small pox reported in the city.

Santa Claus arrived at the college Dec. 26th.

Side whisker are becoming fashionable. What next?

The foot-ball field has been greatly improved during the recess.

Several excellent works have been added to the students library.

What ails "Harry"? Have the fair ones of the Hub grabbed him?

Torn clothing and lame shins are the signs of our foot-ball club.

Shaving soap and moustache combs are all the go. Why? Well, mum.

R. Long, '81; J. Saxton, '82; and T. Fox, '83; returned from New York last week.

A dignified senior sports an aristocratic patch over his right eye. Cause, that football!

Grace and Kitty Gallaudet, the charming daughters of our President, helped us by their presence to pass the holidays pleasantly.

The college band has been doing good work during the holidays. The professors enjoyed the harmonious strains of Mozart and Offenbach without charge.

Were treated to a Stereoscopic lecture on Friday, January 9th. England, Ireland, Scotland and California were the subjects and were represented with views. Prof. Checkering was in charge.

An exciting game of foot ball was played on Friday, January 2d, between an eleven chosen from among the students and an eleven composed of students of other colleges spending the holidays in Washington. The game was a remarkably brilliant one though no positive result was reached.

There is a good deal being said about the audiphone, dentiphone and several other new-fangled phones intended to assist the deaf, but if Edison, or "any other man," would produce a contrivance by which our examination might be gone through with less difficulty than is at present experienced by the average student, he would win our heartfelt gratitude. Here is a chance for fame, let some one try it.

At a regular meeting of the Literary Society, held on Friday evening, January 9th, the quarterly election of officers resulted in the selection of the following ticket:—President, R. L. H. Long, '81; Vice-President, G. T. Dougherty, '82; Secretary, A. H. Schory, '81; Treasurer, L. M. Larson, '82; Librarian, C. S. Sawhill; Critic, Thos. F. Fox, '83. Upon the conclusion of the voting the new officers were presented and made appropriate remarks, and subsequently took the oath of office.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Jan. 9, 1880.

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The holiday season seems to have taken wings all of a sudden and borne away with it many a happy hour as well as the bright smiles and the merry romping of many a now sober-looking girl, who look now, while I write, as if they had been in good earnest to cast aside the wild career of pleasure at the beginning of the New Year, and mean hereafter to be studious and as sensitive as old maids, whose example we are daily invited by our own sex to follow. Even the society belles who, one might believe, would never cease to talk of tableaux, masquerades and holiday toasts, have now retired apart, seeming satisfied with what has been, and with a more determined air, have resolved if their future upon earth has no more pleasure in store, they at least are content—they have had enough to last them a lifetime. With this they seem to turn their thoughts to something more serious than worldly amusements, determined to sow at any rate whatever they live to reap or not.

A masquerade on the 31st, put an end to the parties of 1879. New Year's morning lady who never lets a matter drop until she has settled it, went into her dressing room and, behold a nameless, shapeless yellow night-robe on her dressing table around the neck of which, was pinned an exquisite Spanish lace collar missed by the same lady about six months since and still bore her name. The discovery and condition of her long lost prize might well have caused a sensation, but nothing more was said than that our Institution is sadly in need of a bulletin board, and the want of it leads to many an ill-gotten habit in common life; however, she seemed to scorn the common way of setting

the news afloat, and shortly afterwards, a slate was seen hung up in the girls' sitting-room, with the following words written in crayon on it in a bold hand: "Found: a lady's night robe of the latest novelty. The owner may have it by calling at dressing room, No. 25, new dormitory, third story, and fully identifying it." No sooner had one pair of eyes fallen upon it, than the curiosity of all was aroused, and very soon a "grand" procession was seen ascending to the third story, where they were greeted by their young hostess, who refused to show it without a full description. Instantly all were busy describing the worthless price of muslin in signs, and twisted English as well as some of the loftiest rhymes, and would, I dare say, have furnished an excellent text for a Paris dressmaker. All failed in their description, so none saw it, and the owner if owner it had, must have been pretty sly because it was not to be found at No. 25 by 12 at noon. The afternoon of the same day found several young ladies in readiness to receive calls, and as usual where ladies in their teens dwell, no disappointments of any kind occurred. By the way paper and pencils were used, I was lead to believe deaf and dumb girls are not so far behind speaking people as a correspondent in the Journal last year strived to make us believe; in fact, I have observed on several occasions that it is far more convenient for mute ladies to converse with gentlemen by writing than it is for a mute gentleman to converse with a speaking lady in the same manner. For the evening, nothing more took place than the exhibition of the Magic Lantern in the chapel and some lively conversation among the girls. Two or three made a youthful friend of their knight-errant to go in quest of a young lady friend in one of the parlors, whose sign at a few feet distance looks pretty much the same as that of a young gallant, who, by mistake, soon made his appearance before the smiling group who were not the least displeased at the blunder of their knight.

BELLA L—

Philadelphia, Jan. 7, 1880.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

For several weeks the JOURNAL has been receiving and publishing votes, a majority of which was to decide Jan. 1st, upon the location of the First National Deaf-Mute Convention, and the time at which it should be held. The votes have been in a great many cases accompanied by letters wherein the superior advantages of the one voted for was warmly advocated, and it was but natural that many should readily find much in favor of holding the Convention in the locality nearest themselves. The cities, Chicago, Cincinnati and Syracuse, have been most in favor, and now that the vote is closed, Syracuse, having a majority of two, will be the place of meeting. The time will be August 25th, 1880.

Having been asked to accept the Chairmanship of this convention and given my consent, in case it should be held in Syracuse, I have a few words more to say. First, it would please me if some one could be found to take that place instead of myself. Second, if I am to take the position I would like the privilege of choosing the local Committee to assist me in making the arrangements, that there may be concert of action and one head on whom the success or failure of the Convention shall depend. Immediately upon the election of officers at the meeting, the local Committee will be disbanded.

Is it very important that this first National Convention should be well managed. Perhaps its success or failure will decide the question whether it shall be followed by others; perhaps it must say what it shall profit a mute to attend. Doubtless many are disappointed in the location; let them not complain—at another time it may be more favorable for them—but let all who can, make it a point to attend and do his best to ensure its success. If it is to be National, some must come a long distance, or the mutes in the West and South will have no representatives. It must be made profitable to them.

For these reasons I ask for full power, or to be released from all responsibility.

H. C. RIDER.

Mexico, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1880.

FOR CINCINNATI.

MR. EDITOR:—In your last issue I see that the number of votes for holding the National Convention in Syracuse is 218 to 216 for Cincinnati. Of course it would be much more convenient for us New York mutes to have it in Syracuse, the most accessible point to all in the State; but it is not fair to a great majority of mutes outside of New York. Moreover, we should create a very bad feeling against ourselves as New Yorkers and forever kill the national feature of the Convention either for next summer or any future time. We can just as well bide our time, and we may be sure that with the many superior attractions of different parts of our State, that our time will not be long coming.

Meanwhile, I suggest that all who have voted for Chicago, Pittsburgh, Hartford, Philadelphia, Washington and other localities, seeing that we are in the minority, recast our votes in a bunch for Cincinnati as the next best place after our first choice, and the place preferred by the great majority of the respectable members of the mute community.

For one, I bow to their preference, and recast my vote for Cincinnati, as I hope all who prefer the best interests of the Convention to mere personal interest will do.

Respectfully,

J. HOLBROOK EDDY.

A New Literary Society.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The organization of a debating, and Literary Society which had been proposed, was brought up for approval and consideration on the evening of the first day of this month, and the Society will organize at one of the rooms in the Sunday-school building of St. John's Church.

The Society will have but one President, Secretary and Manager, on account of their small number. Mr. Benjamin Lanius and G. E. Kohler are endeavoring in every way to make the project a success.

The society will hold a meeting at the above named place on the 29th day of the present month.

At the meeting held at the residence of Mr. William Rentz, there were ten deaf-mutes present, while eleven deaf-mutes were detained at home.

Mr. G. Kohler made an address to the audience in which he discussed the object of the organization and descanted upon the benefits that would occur from it. To literature, he said, all intellectual and moral improvement were due. The mind must strive to overcome difficulties, and debating and discussing subjects of interest was the way to accomplish this. Although in debating, the process of repetition is doubtless important; it strengthens habit, it fixes the acquisition of knowledge and the perceptions of truth; but to recall the same ideas, or to repeat the same efforts forever, would not be to advance. In all future action they must remember that all that cultivates the mind, all that governs success, can only be obtained by conforming to that necessary law—the law of labor.

In conclusion, he expressed a hope that the society would be organized on a solid foundation.

He was followed by Messrs. Benj. Lanius and Hugh Gross, who delivered brief addresses congratulating the deaf-mutes on the approval of the organization of the society. This approbation is calculated to advance the interests of the literary society.

I hope that you shall endeavor to extend the circulation of the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL* wider than ever before. May you crown it with much success.

SIDUS.

York, Pa., Jan. 3, 1880.

The Boston Levee and Banquet.

An unusually large gathering of deaf-mutes occurred on the evening of the 1st inst., in Chandler Hall, Essex Street, under the auspices of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, representatives of other Associations of this class of persons being present from various cities throughout the country. The company numbered about 200. The hall was handsomely decorated with evergreens and wreaths. The fine flags displaying "Welcome" and "Happy New Year," which were lettered by P. M. Parcells, and hung on the wall, were very beautiful. The banquet was held at Webster Caledonian Dining Room. Prayer was offered by Rev. Samuel Rowe, and at 10:30 the company sat down to an excellent supper.

BILL OF FARE.

Oyster Stew.	Cold Roast Turkey.
Cold Ham.	Cold Roast Beef.
Cranberry Sauce.	Cold Tongue.
French Rolls.	Celery.
Pastry.	
Apple-pie.	Mince pie.
Washington pie.	
Cake.	
Pound cake.	Wine cake.
Curran cake.	
Fruit.	
Apples.	Oranges.
Ice Cream.	Raisins.
Vanilla.	Lemon.
English Breakfast Tea	and French Coffee.

At the close of the banquet, the evening's programme included a splendid fan drill by Messrs. Frank E. Skilling, Albert W. Chapman, Edward Duran, and Misses Belle Flagg, Alda M. Adams, and Belle Porter; various games and recitations in the sign language. Responses to appropriate toasts were made by John Carlin, of New York; Harry White, of Washington; and some others, and a general good time was enjoyed. The Committee who had charge of the Banquet and Levee were: George A. Holmes, William Lynde, George A. Newhall, and Wallace H. Krause.

Interesting Letter.

EDITOR *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*:—I have just enjoyed a visit from our brother-in-law, A. V. Bergquist of Buffalo, N. Y. (Deaf-Mute). He is in good health. He is looking well. He is doing well. He is working for Reigel and Robinson (Merchant Tailors), Buffalo, N. Y. The interest we take in deaf-mutes in general is deepened by the interest we take in such a near mute relation. It was a happy day both to Mr. Bergquist and ourselves when a few years ago, we ascertained from Dr. Post that the educational advantages of the New York Institute for the deaf and dumb could be secured for him, though he was beyond the legal age for free tuition. The three years he spent there secured to him great comfort and happiness. Had his health been equal to his advantages, he doubtless would have completed the course of study there. The unaccustomed mental exertion at his age seemed too severe for his bodily strength, so he sought his trade again. But the pleasure is untold he now takes in reading and understanding the Bible, the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, and other reading matter, together with the free use of the sign language in conver-

sation. Never can we pay the debt of gratitude due Dr. Isaac L. Post for his kind intercessions in behalf of our brother. The good work he is doing with able assistants, Heaven alone can unfold. God bless him and the Institution forever.

The little we have caught of the sign language from our brother, has helped us greatly in our ministry. For instance, Miss Eliza Atkins (Deaf Mute) of this place, whose death has already been kindly noticed in your JOURNAL.

As her pastor during her illness and near her death we were able by the aid of the sign language to point her to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world and were happy to know that the peace of God which passeth all understanding filled her soul. Her death was in the triumph of living faith in the hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. This was a great consolation to her dear parents and friends, who still mourn so deeply her loss. God speed all helpers of deaf-mutes.

J. M. BRAY.

Pastor M. E. Church.
TIDIOUTE, PA., JAN. 6, 1880.

Death of Willie Grant Jewell.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Willie Grant Jewell, a deaf-mute son of Mrs. M. H. Kerr, dropped dead here January 1st, 1880, at about half past two o'clock in the afternoon, near their residence on East Main Street. Age: fifteen years and some months.

Willie was for a few years past a pupil in the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Flint. He was not a dull boy, nor can it be truthfully said that he was one of the quickest to learn his lessons at school, yet his good nature and smiling countenance commanded the respect and affection of all whom he met. This year, his health declining a little, his anxious mother determined not to send him back to school, as she believed that he was not cared for the same as many of his companions who were quicker to apprehend the advice of their teacher. The cause of his death is not known, but it might have been from a severe fall which he received at breakfast on New Year's morning.

Immediately after his death, Mr. Kerr telegraphed to the Rev. A. W. Mann, at Cleveland, Ohio, to come at once to Jackson, but Mr. Mann declined on account of other engagements but telegraphed his sympathy the next morning.

The service was held at the residence of the deceased, East Main Street, at half-past two o'clock Saturday afternoon, January 3rd, and was attended by a large circle of friends, relatives and others. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr have the warmest sympathy of the whole community in their great affliction. All day Friday, the remains lay in state in the parlor at the residence, and were viewed by many, expressing the deepest sorrow for the afflicted mother, who loved her boy better than any earthly treasure, and, like David for Absalom, she would have willingly sacrificed her own life for that of her only son.

"Weep not for those
Who sink within the arms of death
Ere yet the chilling wintry breath
Of sorrow o'er them blows;
But weep for them who yet remain
The mournful heritors of pain
Condemn'd to see each bright joy fade
And mark griefs melancholy shade
Flung o'er her hope's fairest rose."
J. C. EWEN.
JACKSON, JAN. 3, 1880.

HUMOR.

Let us then be up and clipping.
With an eye for every jest,
Still a-pasting, sill a-snipping,
Fill our paper with the best.
—*Toledo Blade*.

"Any burglars in this town?" a traveler asked a villager in Western Tennessee. "Well, no, not now, stranger; there was a couple of '

THE CONSCIENCE OF DEAF-MUTES.

[From the Montreal Daily Commercial Gazette.]

Some philosophers have gone so far in appreciating the value of language as to express the opinion that there can be no thought without words. To persons capable of speech, there can be little doubt that language is a most valuable help to, and instrument of, thought. Probably to such persons thought, especially on abstract subjects, hardly ever takes place without formulating itself in unspoken words. Something like this idea must have been present to the mind of Mr. Wild, of the Mackay Institution, when he wrote the article on Primitive Conscience, which appeared some months ago, in the *Illustrated News*. Mr. Wild in that paper said:—

"If conscience means internal self-knowledge, or judgment of right and wrong, a mind so dark, so inert, and wholly untrained as that of the uneducated congenital deaf-mute, could not reasonably be expected to possess any thing like it."

To this Mr. G. W. Butt, who is himself a deaf-mute, has replied in a well-written letter addressed to the same paper on the 17th of October last. We can hardly be surprised at the deaf-mutes calling on a champion to defend their cause; for Mr. Wild, in the excess of his no doubt well-meant zeal, has used language which may easily be taken as derogatory to this class of our afflicted fellow-men, though it can hardly have been so intended. It was, perhaps, a pity that either logic or warmth of argument should have led to such a statement as this:—

"The intellectual condition of the congenital deaf-mute, before instruction, is little above that of the more intelligent brutes, and lower than that of the most unenlightened savages."

And again:—

"There are hundreds of deaf-mutes in the Province of Quebec totally uneducated—irresponsible beings—which means a danger to society and a reproach to our boasted civilization."

The opinion is distinctly contradicted by Mr. Butt, though we fancy that the examples he gives may be held to prove his case only when the word "instruction" receives a particular and narrow interpretation. We quote one passage:—

"Deaf-mutes have memories, and they know what their condition was previous to an education. It is curious and interesting to know that Massieu, who, as Kitto says in his 'Lost Senses,' was beyond all deaf-mutes, possessed of the power of expressing his own condition (and who also was an able instructor of deaf-mutes in after years), says about his childhood: I will merely give a few instances of his remarkable brightness. He observed and remembered things he saw around him, and, being curious to know how they came into creation, would hide himself in the dikes to see them springing up through the earth, and to watch the heavens descend upon the earth for the growth of beings. His father made him pray morning and evening, by kneeling, joining hands and moving his lips, which is an imitation of those who speak when praying to God. He adored the heavens, and not God, for he did not see God, but he saw the heavens. While on his knees he thought about the heavens, and addressed it with a view to descend at night upon the earth, in order that the plants he had planted might grow and the sick might be restored to health. He felt joy when he found the plants and fruit grow, and grief when they were injured by hail or other things, and when his parents remained sick. On one occasion, during his mother's illness, he used to go out every evening to pray to a peculiar star that he had selected for its beauty, for her restoration, but, finding that she got worse, he was enraged and pelted stones at the star. He could not get at it to kill it, so he threw stones, for he imagined it was the cause of all the disaster and would not cure his parent. When he observed people looking at each other and moving their lips, he thought they were expressing ideas, for he says in proof of this, he recollected some person had spoken of him to his father, who threatened to have him punished, and also that he endeavored to express his ideas in the same way, but being told he made objectionable noises, and his defect was in his ears, he abandoned the attempt at that mode of communication with his father. He acquired the knowledge of the value of the gift of hearing in this way, using his own words: 'A hearing female relative who lived at our house, told me she saw with her ears a person whom she could not see with her eyes—a person who was coming to my father.' Of death he had the idea that it was the cessation of motion, of sensation, of chewing, of the softness of the flesh and of the skin. He formed these ideas through having seen a corpse. He thought there was a heavenly land, and that the body was eternal; and the immortality of the soul he had no innate knowledge."

It is evident that Massieu, at the time spoken of, was not wholly without instruction, though it had been directed to those topics with which conscience is concerned. What is the nature of the inward monitor we call by that name, and by what means it is imparted to us, are metaphysical questions which have always been debated, and always will be debated while man exists. Cicero derives all law from community between man

and God. And few believers in religion can doubt that the great law of all, that of conscience, to whose mandate all human laws ought to be referred in the second place, is a creation of the Almighty. But does it exist from the first as a law-giver and judge, or as a faculty capable of giving law, and judging only after instruction gained either from others, or from our own experience? Could a creature who has never known any relations with his fellow-creatures, nor even in practice that effects must have causes, guess at duties, whether to man or God, whom he must in that case also guess at? We do not answer these questions; but we suggest another. Is it certain that brutes do not think in the same way, if not in the same degree, as ourselves, and that coming into relations with other beings they do not become conscious of certain relative duties, and so possessed of a conscience like our own in quality, though different in its grasp? Perhaps we undervalue the powers of brutes when we take them as a term of comparison for everything that is intellectually degraded. At any rate we see no reason to doubt that deaf-mutes possess all the mental and moral powers which are possessed by other human beings, and any question about the effect of instruction upon these powers must resolve itself into a question as to how, their existence being assured, they may be made available for practical use in life.

If we would make the world better, truer, and happier, let us begin with our own hearts and lives. Only in that way can we teach men the value of religion.—Golden Rule.

If you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.

Character is a mosaic, which takes a lifetime for its completion, and trifles, the little things of life, are the instruments most used in preparing such precious stone for its place.

In the divine government the matter of fact always determines the matter of right, and whatever has been done by God, he has had in all ages and in all places an unchallengeable right to do.—Hugh Miller.

We are never without a pilot. When we know not how to steer, and dare not hoist a sail, we can drift. The current knows the way, though we do not. The ship of heaven guides itself, and will not accept a wooden rudder.—Emerson.

A cultured physician once said: "I would not have a son who could not drink wine with me without danger of becoming a brute." When his eldest son was expelled from college for drunkenness, it made him a temperate man, but it was twenty years too late.—Exchange.

It was a remark of John Hunter that "there never was a man who wanted to be a great man who was ever a great man. For great men have endeavored always to do some great action that seemed to tend to some great good, and the effect made them great. Wanting to be great is vanity without power."

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in the storm and the most fearless under the menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on heaven is most unflinching.

Don't let us be afraid of enthusiasm. There is often a lack of heart than brain. The world is not starving for need of education half as much as for warm, earnest interest of soul for soul. We agree with the Indian, who, when talked to about having too much zeal, said: "I think it is better for the pot to boil over than not to boil at all."—Congregationalist.

There was a suggestive paragraph floating through the press, a few years ago, telling how one clerk out of a hundred rose to the head of a firm; one apprentice in a shop became a master; one printer-lad out of a score developed into an editor. And the principle it mentioned holds good in every occupation where promotion is possible. Given a capacity for receiving discipline—which, when possessed in a marked measure, is George Eliot's definition of genius—and the condition of success in life, so far as it may be stated in a single word, is *faithfulness*, with all that includes.—Golden Rule.

There is a satisfaction in the thought of having done what we know to be right; and there is a discomfort amounting often to bitter and remorseful agony, in the thought of having done what conscience tells us to be wrong. This implies a sense of the rectitude or what is virtuous. There is instant delight in first conception of benevolence: there is sustained delight in its continued exercise; there is consummated delight in the happy, smiling, and prosperous result of it. Kindness, and honesty, and truth, are of themselves, and irrespective of their rightness, sweet unto the taste of the inner man. Malice, envy, falsehood, injustice, irrespective of their wrongness, have of themselves, the bitterness of gall and wormwood.

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STEP BY STEP.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound; But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count these things to be grandly true; That a noble deed is a step toward God, Lifting the soul from the common sod To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet; By what we have mastered in greed and gain, By the pride deposed and the passion slain, And the vanquished ill we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust, When the morning calls to life and light; But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night Our lives are trailing in sordid dust.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men! We must borrow the wings to find the way; We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray, But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is the ladder thrown From the weary earth to the sapphire wall! But the dreams depart and the visions fall, And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound; But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lower earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to its summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

There is peculiar danger just now that men will grow stingy and suffer for it. Men of poverty have had poor returns for so long that when better receipts begin to come in they count them as back interest, long waited for almost despaired of, and now all the more to be prized. Laboring men find prices rising, and their wages not yet raised. They feel it necessary to be closer than ever. Yet not for many years has there been so great assurance of prosperity as now. Most men have steady work, all that they can do. Business is rapidly increasing. Generous harvests have blessed the whole land, and there are bright prospects ahead. Let us not risk the loss of a bountiful spirit,—the gladness of heart in doing good. To lose that would be to turn prosperity into calamity.—Golden Rule.

A poor woman, dying in an infirmary under the charge of the good doctor Passavant in Pittsburgh, gave to him a gold dollar. "I always tried to give something to those poorer than myself," she said. "When I am dead give this in charity, and give it if possible, in Milwaukee, my old home." A year passed, and Doctor Passavant still kept the coin, when he was called to Milwaukee to establish an infirmary similar to his own. The story of the dollar was told, and awakened sympathy. Subscriptions poured in, and the subscribers, with the loud voice, agreed that the great building, when finished; shall bear the name of the poor widow. Surely no good word is spoken in vain. We may not, as in this case, be able to have the echo widespread, but God hears it.—Youth's Companion.

There are two ways of being happy—we may diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do, the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be easiest. If you are idle or sick or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous, or young, and in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means and diminish your wants. But if you are wise you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are very wise, you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.—Benjamin Franklin.

NOTICE.

Miss Annie Bentz, of York, Pa., a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution and a first class seamstress, is desirous of obtaining work in that line in any institution for deaf-mutes. For her ability as a seamstress she has good recommendation, and is ready to go at the first call.

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THE YEAR 1880 promises to be one of the most interesting and important years of the crowded and eventful century. It will witness a Presidential election which may result in re-establishing the Government of this country on the principles of its constitutional founders, or in permanently changing the relations of the States to the Federal power. No intelligent man can regard such an election with indifference.

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These are the principles upon which **THE SUN** will be conducted during the year to come. The year 1880 will be one in which no patriotic American can afford to close his eyes to public affairs. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The debates and acts of Congress, the utterances of the press, the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all bear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago next November, the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an abominable conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant, and insolent Administration entrenched at Washington. **THE SUN** did something towards dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now intriguing to restore their leader and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answer to these momentous questions. **THE SUN** will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right.

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Make Hay While the Sun Shines.

This command is not necessarily operative, however, until people deprived of the covering nature bestows upon man's head resort to the specific said to cure cases of long standing. This sounds like a contradiction of terms. If the hair is standing there would be no necessity—however, we will not go into that phase of the question. Everybody knows a bald-headed man could not be induced to go out in a hay field of his own accord in hay-making time unless he had some artificial covering on his head. Hence, the inference is that willing obedience to the command given above could only be a consequence of a thick growth of hair, which invariably results from a judicious use of Carboline, a deodorized extract of paraffin. There is no use talking, there are more virtues in petroleum than are dreamed of by the Standard or any other refining company. It possesses qualities unknown to the mass of the public. The instances where its application has proven beneficial can scarcely be numbered, while no instance has been recorded where it proved injurious. For many years its peculiar qualities as a hair restorative have been admitted by scientists, but the difficulty experienced in deodorizing it stood in the way. This obstacle has been overcome, and to-day the most efficacious and acceptable aid in promoting the growth of hair, preventing decay and eliminating bald heads is Carboline. Sold by druggists.

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ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT is the great remedy for Corpulency. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, venous into fat. Taken according to directions, it will reduce a fat person from 10 to 15 pounds a week. In fact, the remedy before the public as a dietetic cure for obesity, we do not know its ability to cure, as attested by hundreds of testimonials of which the following from a lady in Columbus, Ohio, is a sample. "I feel compelled to state that I have received a letter from a physician, a friend of mine, who told me that I immediately sent to ALLEN'S DISPENSARY for the second bottle of ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT. I am a writer for a patient from Providence, R. I., says, 'Four bottles have reduced my weight from 150 pounds to 102 pounds, and there is a general improvement in health.' A gentleman writing from Boston, writes: 'I have been suffering for some time to diet, two bottles of ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT reduced me four and one-quarter pounds.' The wife of a Wholesale Druggist, SMITH, DODDLETT & SMITH, of Boston, Mass., writes as follows: 'My wife and I have received a letter from a physician, a friend of mine, who told me that I immediately sent to ALLEN'S DISPENSARY for the second bottle of ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT. I am a writer for a patient from Providence, R. I., says, 'Four bottles have reduced my weight from 150 pounds to 102 pounds, and there is a general improvement in health.' A gentleman writing from Boston, writes: 'I have been suffering for some time to diet, two bottles of ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT reduced me four and one-quarter pounds.' The wife of a Wholesale Druggist, SMITH, DODDLETT & SMITH, of Boston, Mass., writes as follows: 'My wife and I have received a letter from a physician, a friend of mine, who told me that I immediately sent to ALLEN'S DISPENSARY for the second bottle of ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT. I am a writer for a patient from Providence, R. 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